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VOLUME VII.

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NUMBER 28.

## POETRY.

### THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

I.  
The summer sun is setting,  
The sky is red in the west,  
And over all hangs silence,  
And a feeling of peace and rest.

II.  
The sultry day is over,  
The light begins to fade,  
The farmer's weary horses  
Are standing in the shade.

III.  
The golden light of sunset  
Shines on the corn-fields round,  
And the breeze as it passes over,  
Makes a sweet, rippling sound.

IV.  
The range of distant mountains  
Looks dark against the sky;  
And right across the river,  
A path of light doth lie.

V.  
I gazed till my eyes were dazzled,  
At the slowly sinking sun,  
Till the stars peeped out above me,  
Telling the day was done.

## STORY TELLER.

### "FRIEND" MORNINGTON.

With many of the blessings of life  
Mrs. North was not exactly a happy  
woman. Part of her discontent she  
cherished as extremely noble, and so  
made it cover that which she would  
have been obliged to confess as slight  
ly ignoble; in short, she was one of  
those people by no means uncommon,  
to whom the thing they hold is value  
less, the thing just beyond their reach  
priceless. Mrs. North had a kind hus  
band, healthy children, a pleasant  
home. She loved her family and  
intended to do her duty, still she  
felt that her home was narrow; that  
her life was dwarfed. She sighed for  
wealth—that she might do good with  
it, for influence; that she might exert  
it for the right, or so she flattered  
herself. Her sympathies were quick  
to feel; her heart was often burdened  
with the woes of the world. Her plaint  
always was, "If I only could." That  
very morning her eyes had filled with  
tears at a story of pitiful distress,  
childhood desolate and suffering, and  
she had turned away sighing, "If I  
only had the means I would build a  
home for such poor children," never  
thinking of the locked drawer of tiny  
socks, socks and half worn shoes in her  
room that were never stirred save to be  
smothered by trembling hands  
and moistened with passionate tears.  
When her little ones gathered around  
her in the fire light, with the sparkle  
of gay eyes and tones, she would turn  
away from them into the darkness and  
hush their happy mirth because of the  
one voice that was silent. So it ever  
was. Even beyond her daily life she  
saw high possibilities, noble fields of  
endeavor, and seeing them fretted and  
chafed at the homely bands of circum  
stance and duty that bound her hands.  
It was with these feelings, quickened  
into more than their usual restlessness  
fever, that she walked slowly along  
one pleasant autumn day. Her errand  
was to obtain some home-knit lamb's  
wool stockings for her children, after a  
pattern she had seen and admired.  
The place was easily found; a small,  
low, old-fashioned house, decrepited in  
roof, weak of shutter, faded of paint,  
lingering with a half apologetic air,  
it seemed lonely in the midst of a  
fashionable, modern built neighbor  
hood. "Dear me," thought Mrs. North,  
as, after a hasty survey, she opened  
the gate to the narrow yard, "how  
hard it must be to have to live under  
the shadow of these fine houses." But  
before she had time to bestow further  
pity she found herself led through a  
tiny hall into a room plainly furnished,  
but cheerful and home-like, where, in  
a high-backed rocking chair beside  
the window, sat an old lady, whose  
drab dress, white muslin inside hand  
chief laid in smooth spotless folds, lit  
tle drab silk shawl, and close, plain  
cap, shading the silky, silvery hair,  
showed her to be a member of the  
sect of Friends. There were flowers  
and sunshine in the window, but the  
beauty and sunshine of the room radi  
ated from that sweet, calm face. You  
felt the peace of it at the first glance.  
You felt it in warmer, fuller measure  
when the soft, wrinkled hand clasped  
yours, and the clear, quiet tones still  
ed the jarring discords of mind and  
heart.

"Why, how pleasant it is here," ex  
claimed Mrs. North, in involuntary  
surprise, as she took the proffered  
chair.  
"These are right," said Friend Mor  
nington, smiling, "and I often say this  
little house is like many lives, plain  
without, but having the inner bright  
ness."  
"Yes, but do you suppose these  
cramped window panes give as much  
light as that plate glass opposite?"  
questioned Mrs. North, with whose  
own line of thought the old lady's  
words chimed so strangely.  
"If thee will notice," with a twinkle

of the eye, "this house faces the sun  
shine while that has its back to it,  
which makes a great difference in lives  
as well as houses," and then with a  
shrewd look at the fair face on whose  
white forehead fretful lines were be  
ginning to show, she added kindly,  
"I hope thee has thy face to the sun  
shine, friend."

Mrs. North shook her head with a  
half smile. "I am afraid not always,  
and I am afraid such a stately neigh  
bor would keep me quite in the shad  
ow."

"And why should it?" asked Friend  
Mornington, in her bright, cheery way.  
"Thee can see the sky, the grass, the  
trees, all the life without through  
these little windows. What more  
could one see through plate glass?"  
Why, there has no idea how dear this  
little place is to me. They say old  
hearts strike root slowly, but we have  
lived in this house ten years, and when  
they tell me that the young owner  
will soon come into possession and  
tear it down it is hard to feel content  
and willing. And so thee wants some  
stockings for thy little ones," when  
Mrs. North had told her errand; "well,  
knitting is the only work I can do  
now, and it is very pleasant work. I  
was ever of those that liked to be  
busy, and it pleases me to think that,  
though I never may work for child or  
grandchild, still that my hands may  
keep some little feet warm."

"And have you also lost children?"  
asked Mrs. North, her own eyes filling  
with tears, for though Friend Mor  
nington possessed the plainness of  
speech so characteristic to her sect,  
though her questions were often trench  
ant and her advice pungent, yet there  
was such warm heartiness in her  
smile, such motherly tenderness in  
her tone, that, whether she chid or  
praised, the listener was drawn to her  
with the assurance of sympathy and  
comfort.

It was a sweet pity, as well as a sor  
rowful memory in her tone, that she  
answered, "Yes, dear I have lost five.  
But these has others left."

"Yes," sobbed Mrs. North, but this  
was my pet, the dearest of them all."  
"What a happy mother thee should  
be," said the old lady, softly, mine  
were my all."

"Your all? Why I thought I could  
not live when Freddy died; how could  
you have borne it?"

"We can bear what is given to us,"  
was the quiet answer. It was a bitter  
grief; God only knows how bitter,  
but all things are ordered for the best,  
and when I see the evil life holds, I  
have the comfort that mine are safe.  
Besides, I cannot but fancy that they  
are a joy to their father even in heav  
en."

"And is your husband dead, too?"  
"Husband and children. I have  
seen them all laid side by side in the  
Friends' burying ground where I had  
gone with them to the meeting so  
many years, and fall by fall I watched  
the grass fade over their graves, and  
spring after spring saw it grow green  
again. They are only graves, I know,  
yet it was a sore trial to leave them  
and feel that I might never be laid  
there myself; but doubtless it is all  
ordered best."

"But why did you leave?" Mrs.  
North was anxious to learn more of  
the history of this heart that had passed  
through such sad lessons of life, yet  
through them had gained such rest of  
peace.

"Oh, I came with William. He is  
an adopted child, still he is very dear  
to me, and well he may be. His fa  
ther and mother died when he was  
a baby. Nobody knew what to do with  
him, and my husband brought him  
home after the funeral and said, 'Ra  
chel, they say I must take the baby to  
the poorhouse, but it seems hard,  
doesn't it?'"

"How sad such things are," exclaim  
ed her listener. "Why don't people  
build places for such children that  
shall be like real homes? I would if I  
were rich."

Friend Mornington smiled as she  
said, "I did not stop to think what  
ought to be done. I only thought what  
I could do. I had my own five child  
ren then, the youngest a baby in my  
arms, but I looked at the poor little  
thing, and said to Benjamin, 'Lay him  
in the cradle beside ours. If other  
women have taken care of two babies  
at the same time, why so can I.'"

"What a task it must have been."

"Oh, I was young and strong then,"  
was the cheery answer, "but whatever  
the task see how great has been my  
reward. Through sickness and death  
he has been spared to be the stay of  
my old age. But he liked not our  
plain speech and quiet meetings. He  
always said he lacked the birth-right,  
and he chose his friends and his wife  
of the world. Still we cannot all be  
led of the same spirit, and Sarah is a  
good, true wife, and kind as a daugh  
ter to me."

"And so you came with them?"

"Yes, William felt it was best to  
make the change, and though it was  
against my wishes I would not say  
him nay. But times have been dull.  
They have not prospered as they had  
hoped, and he and Sarah cannot al

ways see the Lord's leading as plainly  
as I could wish. Mary—that is her  
picture on the table—wants me to  
come and live with her, but William  
will not hear to it, and truly I should  
be loath to leave them."

"What, have you more adopted  
children?" asked Mrs. North.

"Not really adopted, but I have had  
the care of others. Mary lived with  
me the ten years after she was nine,  
but she calls herself my girl, and it  
pleases me that she should. Those  
together in that frame are John and  
Henry, two brothers. My husband  
was their guardian. They came to us  
when John was six and Henry four,  
and stayed till they were old enough  
to learn trade and business. Fine men  
they made. Henry is dead, but John  
is a merchant west, and once a year  
he stops to see me. A fine man and  
a good one, and he never forgets the  
years he sat at our table and rode with  
us to the First-day meetings."

"Is this one of your children?" asked  
Mrs. North, opening the picture of a  
chubby little boy in a faded case that  
lay on the table.

"Nay, that was a baby whose moth  
er died when it was a week old. There  
were two little girls of ten and twelve,  
who said they could keep house for  
the father, but they were too little to  
take care of the baby, and yet they  
grieved so at the thought of giving  
him away that I took him and kept  
him till he was fifteen months old.  
And such a great, nice child. I never  
saw prouder children than those were  
when I told them I would trust the  
baby with them, and they were to  
bring him to me every week that I  
might see they took good care of him."

Mrs. North looked at the old Quak  
er lady with wonder, as she paused  
with that far away smile that old faces  
wear when they are living again in  
the light of vanished years, but there  
was no pride in the face, no self-praise  
in tone or manner. She spoke of  
these children she had taken into her  
heart and home as simply as though  
such acts were every day events, in all  
lives, with forgetfulness it seemed of  
the toil and weariness, and remem  
brance only of the brightness they  
had wrought. A strange feeling stir  
red in the younger heart. A new  
note had been struck that still jarred  
amid the old false harmonies. She  
could see the beauty of loving duties  
and simple labors, though her own  
heart had not yet opened for their  
humble entrance.

At that moment a Sister of Charity  
in the quaint dress of her order passed.  
"How noble a life devoted to the good  
of others is," she sighed, "sometimes  
I almost envy those women who have  
given up the world for the sake of it."

Friend Mornington's knitting nee  
dles clicked a trifle more briskly.  
"Does thee think, then," she asked,  
"that the putting a white band around  
the forehead and a black veil over the  
head will take pride or self-will out of  
the heart, or that separating oneself  
from home-love will make the heart  
more tender? Not that I would be  
uncharitable," she added; "our life  
paths are widely different, but it has  
ever seemed to me that a wife making  
home pleasant, a mother training her  
children to be good men and women,  
a neighbor ready in kindness and help,  
was doing the work the Lord intended  
she should."

As she was speaking the door of  
the elegant house opposite opened,  
and two young ladies came out. "Pret  
ty girls, are they not?" she asked  
with something of pride in her tone  
as she saw her visitor's notice. "Does  
thee not think I was so foolish as to  
feel annoyed when they commenced  
building that house, and to think that  
I preferred the vacant lot. But now  
I see their light of evenings, and  
those fair fresh girls coming and go  
ing through the day is great company  
to me. The tallest one I think is soon  
to be a bride. Oh, she carries me  
back to my own girlhood and the even  
ings I used to stand under the great  
honeysuckle and watch for Benjamin,  
and think flowers never were so sweet  
nor nights so clear before. And now  
Benjamin has been dead for twenty  
years and I sit just waiting to go to  
him, but I think the brightness of  
youth is something we never lose,"  
and she smiled, though she wiped her  
eyes.

"I think I have seen those girls,"  
said Mrs. North; "what are their  
names?"

"Indeed, I do not know; I cannot  
tell thee."

"What?" in perfect surprise, "how  
strange you are, and how I wish I  
were like you, but I never could be.  
I know I never could find company or  
take pleasure in the happiness or rich  
es of strangers, who neither know nor  
care for me; and she drew a weary,  
restless sigh. Friend Mornington laid  
down her knitting. "My dear," she  
said, in her clear, quiet voice, "thee  
must not be offended if I feel moved  
to speak plainly and say that thy ideas  
of life are all wrong, and that thee  
will find little happiness in a life that  
is all narrowed down to thy own in  
terests. What would I see if I never  
looked outside this little room? And

though my eyes are growing dim,  
still I trust I will ever be able to see  
the joys and sorrows in the lives  
around me, be glad or sorrowful with  
them, and find my heart drawn away  
from its own small troubles. Not that  
we should always seek to escape or  
forget troubles. Through them come  
many of the best lessons of life. We  
have all known the cheer of sympathy  
in times of grief and sadness, but it  
is only through tears and heartache  
that one can learn the heart of a  
mourner and a stranger. I thought  
of this not long since when the dead  
body of her husband, killed by an ac  
cident, was brought home to a young  
wife near by. She had been gay and  
happy and with no need of an old wo  
man like me, but then I did not hesi  
tate to go to her and say, 'I, too, have  
felt a widow's grief.' And now she  
often comes and sits with me, and  
though she says little, seems to feel  
somewhat of peace."

"Oh, dear," exclaimed Mrs. North,  
half fretfully, half pitifully, "I do want  
to do good in the world, but there is  
so much to be done, and I can do so  
little."

"There, my dear, is the very mis  
take so many make, wanting to carry  
the whole world instead of a bit of it  
that is put into thy hand. If thee  
cannot build an orphan asylum, thee  
can give something to clothe some  
poor little one or make it less hungry.  
If thee cannot give thy life to the suf  
fering, thee can watch with thy neigh  
bor's sick child, or make a jelly or  
broth for some one who is weak and  
feeble. If thee cannot give thy whole  
life at once, thee can give it day by  
day, and if thee will only do so, be  
lieve me, thee will make it a much  
happier one."

Friend Mornington had "spoken,"  
and for a little while the silence was  
only broken by the click of her busy  
needle, while Mrs. North sat idly  
watching the flicker of the sunshine  
on the silvery hair and peaceful face.  
No answer seemed to be expected.  
She had none to make. At heart a  
woman of quick perception and clear  
reason, the kindly, homely words had  
pierced through the tissue of false,  
selfish sentimentality she had been so  
unconsciously weaving, and in the  
light of this other life she saw how  
weak and worthless her own had been.  
A narrow room, narrow means, and,  
in one sense, a narrow life, this before  
her, yet it held a fullness of peace to  
which her own had been a stranger,  
and had found a rest she had sought  
in vain. It was but a brief autumn  
morning, but the breath of its sweet  
influence lingered around her whole  
after-life. But a few words from stran  
ger lips, but their memory was fresh  
when many brighter scenes were long  
forgotten.

"I think I must have been sent to y  
this morning," she said, when at last  
she rose to leave. "You have done  
me good, and I have taken a new view  
of life from this hour. You may for  
get me, but I never shall forget you."

"I am glad if it has been given me  
to bear testimony," was Friend Mor  
nington's cheery answer as she took  
the plump, firm hand in her tender  
though feeble clasp, "and if I have  
been able to help thee, perhaps I may  
be able to help thee more if I confess  
that in my younger days I too felt the  
touch of a worldly ambition, for Hester  
Hall, a noted preacher in our sect,  
was a neighbor of mine, and all un  
aware, I fell into the habit of contrast  
ing her life and influence with mine,  
and fretting—'I shame to tell it now—  
that the gift of speech had not been  
given me too. But one day she was  
moved to speak some very comforting  
words on the sweetness of patience,  
and suddenly, like a flash of light, it  
came to me that the loving, trustful  
living of a common life was a work  
that I could do, and was doubtless as  
acceptable in His sight, who marks  
the inner spirit more than the outward  
act. And now as I sit here with life  
almost ended, just waiting for the  
good Father to take me to my own,  
and see how so many are blinded by  
worldly strife and ambition, I feel the  
truth of it more and more. Thee  
knows we believe in the inward teach  
ing of the spirit, and the more thee  
will listen to that the more, I trust,  
thee will find the rest of a quiet heart.  
Here are the little stockings, and when  
thee comes again, as I hope thee will,  
thee must bring thy little ones with  
thee; and so farewell."

On the sidewalk Mrs. North paused  
for a last nod and smile, and this  
was the picture she carried away. A  
frame of rich hued ivy leaves, the soft  
bright sunshine glistening through on  
the white folds of the muslin kerchief,  
on the soft white hair, so smoothly  
laid under the close plain cap, the  
sweet old face lined with the touches  
of years and sorrows, but smiling with  
the radiance of a quiet hope and rest  
ful peace. With this picture in her  
heart she went home, unlocked the  
closed drawer, laid out the cherished  
garments, and though it cost her some  
tears, still it brought her the gladness  
of feeling that before night one poor  
child was warmly, comfortably dressed  
for the winter. Nor did she stop here

or forget the lesson. Though wide  
paths of usefulness still lay fair and  
wide before her, she found many little  
ways that before she thought unworthy  
of notice, and walking in them, learn  
ed the happiness that flows through the  
loving tending of the small minist  
ries of life. Often her thoughts turn  
ed to Friend Mornington's placid face  
and cheery tones, and she longed for  
another hour in the brightness of that  
same room and life, but duties hinder  
ed, circumstances for a time called her  
to another State, and it was not till  
spring that she found herself once  
more nearing the little house. Two  
men passed her, one saying to the oth  
er, "Yes, the heir has come of age, and  
he is going to tear the old house down  
and build one that will be an orna  
ment to the street."

With her hand on the gate Mrs.  
North paused; the old house was very  
still. There was the sunny room, but  
the curtains were drawn. The canary  
hung in another window, but a cover  
had been thrown over the cage as  
though to hush its too jubilant song,  
and the light spring breeze just nod  
ding the daffodils beside the walk  
swayed lightly the long black ribbons  
that mingled with the crape upon the  
door. Truly an heir had come to his  
own. A frail, worn tenement had been  
dissolved that a fuller, more glorious  
structure might arise. With soft, rever  
ent steps Mrs. North crossed the  
little hall into the pleasant  
parlor she so well remembered.  
There was the flickering shadow of  
young leaves on the white curtains  
and the subdued brightness of the  
clear spring day filled the room. The  
worn arm chair stood in its accus  
tomed place by the window. The half  
finished knitting lay in the basket on  
the stand beside it, and here where she  
lived out her busy, cheerful life, lay  
Friend Mornington, waiting the hands  
that should so sadly carry her forth that  
she might find her last quiet rest beside  
those grass-grown graves in the far  
away Quaker burial ground. So wait  
ing, she lay with the old smile on her  
still face; the old smile, yet touched  
and glorified by that strange peace  
that is not of this world, and not life,  
but death above you give. There were  
a few flowers in the room, but no elab  
orate offerings around the plain casket.  
The strict simplicity of her belief had  
been respected even here, but in the  
beautiful hands, folded so placidly for  
their long rest, over the smooth white  
kerchief, the loving fingers of the  
young widow had placed a single  
spray of the white lily of the valley.—  
Cleveland Herald.

## OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 30, 1878.

From scattering reports which begin  
to come in it is evident that members  
of Congress are mostly at home, "fixing  
things" in their respective "deestricks."  
In a physical sense, at least, what has  
been our loss is their constituents'  
gain. And while "the boys" at home  
may, as a general thing, give the re  
turning member a hearty welcome,  
freely accepting all his invitations to  
irrigate, it is probable that the other  
fellows whose hearts have gone out  
after the flesh-pots of Egypt, as it were,  
those ambitious chaps who aspire to  
\$5,000 a year and M. C. after their  
names, wish that the session might  
have continued indefinitely. It is the  
chief end and aim of every Congress  
man to obtain a re-election and, with  
few exceptions, from the day he first  
sits down in one of Uncle Sam's easy  
chairs all his efforts are directed to  
this purpose. A few whose ability or  
commanding positions render them  
valuable are certain to continually suc  
ceed themselves, but the great majority  
hold their positions by an uncertain  
tenure, and many can not even seek the  
much-coveted return without violating  
pledges given to obtain a nomination  
in the first instance. Are Congress  
men ever guilty of such perfidy as  
that? The reader asks, and, with the  
pertness of Mrs. Jenks herself, I shall  
decline to answer. That question may  
be settled after Horace Greely's plan  
of settling the tariff question in 1872  
—refer it back to the Congressional  
districts.

This letter is not written with the  
purpose of saying hard things of Con  
gressmen or any one else, but merely  
to convey a few reflections touching  
things as they appear to those who  
see official life as it is, and see mem  
bers of Congress, with others, weighed  
in the balance from year to year. It  
is no discredit to a representative that  
he desires to be returned, and his po  
sition even legitimately used gives him  
some advantages in the pursuit of that  
object. The cold, unsympathetic  
world may not duly appreciate the  
heroism of a Congressman, who quiet  
ly attends to his official duties, know  
ing the while that his rival at home is  
setting up the primaries and manipu  
lating the party machinery to secure the  
succession. Yet virtue is its own re  
ward. It is to be hoped that every truly  
valuable and successful member may  
be re-elected, but there are men in the  
present House, in both parties, whose  
return would be a disgrace. It is not

my place to call names. The constitu  
ents of every member have his record,  
and if they are not satisfied that it is  
a good one, that he has been a credit  
to them and of service to the nation,  
he should be allowed to enjoy the so  
ciety of his friends at home hereafter.  
The great trouble is the people are too  
careless in making nominations. Small  
politicians work and fib themselves in  
to it, while the men of ability and  
character are too often left at home.  
Without charging the responsibility  
upon any party, for it belongs to both  
alike, there are too many men in the  
45th Congress whose distinguishing  
characteristics are mediocrity and im  
morality. They pay little attention to  
the duties belonging to them, take no  
interest in committee work, and exert  
no influence. Some of them are of  
such quality that, stripped of their  
official positions, they could hardly be  
received in good society. They count  
one sometimes at roll call, and that is  
the extent. Very often they are not  
to be found when wanted to cast an  
important vote. The best "indorse  
ment" for such representatives is to  
give them a rest.

It has been said that the preponder  
ance of lawyers in Congress is the pri  
mary cause of the procrastination  
which results in the disgraceful scenes  
at the end of a session. Lawyers are  
proverbial procrastinators. Every ad  
journment is a gain. They are almost  
without exception bad business men,  
because their training unfits them for  
prompt decision. In the present  
House there are 185 lawyers, and of  
all other professions and callings only  
107. On the appropriations' commit  
tee, which has been so tardy the last  
session, there are only two business  
men, Mr. Hewitt, of New York, and  
Mr. Foster, of Ohio. The chairman  
and other eight members are all law  
yers. The same procrastination which  
makes lawsuits last a lifetime, and ex  
hausts the patience and resources of  
litigants, gives us, session after session,  
the spectacle of a Congress wasting  
months of precious time at its begin  
ning, and crowding the business into  
its closing hours.

I am going to omit all mention of  
the investigation and several other  
matters that will keep a few days, and  
tell a little occurrence as it actually  
took place a few hours before the ad  
journment, which shows a feature of  
refinement not often seen in print:  
Between twelve and one o'clock on the  
morning of the adjournment a party  
of gentlemen, including members of  
the committee, had gathered in the  
room of the House Committee on Ap  
propriations, and were quietly enjoy  
ing an excellent brand of champagne  
and Otard, said to have been a half  
century old, furnished by that prince  
of connoisseurs, General Sam. Ward,  
who is always on hand at the closing  
hours of the session with enjoyable en  
tertainments. While the party were  
engaged in a pleasant conversation on  
events of the session and kindred top  
ics, a member of the committee from  
Kentucky made his appearance in the  
room and seemed to be very much dis  
concerted. A member from Ohio who  
was a prominent candidate for speaker  
invited the Kentuckian to participate,  
simultaneously holding up a goblet of  
sparkling Boederer. The Kentuckian  
frowned, and with an indignant voice  
said "I don't approve of turning a  
committee room into a grocery," and  
immediately turned toward the station  
ary wash-stand, and, throwing himself  
into a capacious and richly upholstered  
arm chair, proceeded to remove his  
boots. It was but a moment before  
the trickling of water was heard, when  
the gallant Kentuckian was observed  
with his feet in the basin enjoying an  
operation which was evidently rare.  
Hardly had the gentlemen recovered  
from their surprise than the shrewd  
and sagacious representative from  
New York, Mr. Hewitt, shot into the  
room in his usual manner, remark  
ing, "I have settled the fishery award  
question, and I am now ready to par  
ticipate in another glass." Having  
partly quaffed his wine, his attention  
was attracted by the splutter of wa  
ter, and, discovering the nature of the  
Kentuckian's manipulation, dropped  
his glass, raised his nasal organ into  
the air, and gave a sniff, remarking,  
"There's a call of the House; my pres  
ence is required," and went through  
the door with extraordinary impetu  
osity. No sooner had this exit occurred  
than there was an uneasiness among  
the rest of the party, who, one by one,  
began to drop out, each in passing be  
ing saluted by the Kentuckian with, "I  
don't drink and I don't smoke." To  
fully appreciate this incident, the read  
er should know the fastidious Hewitt.

PHOTO.

## ALWAYS A CHANCE.

It is scarcely necessary to remind  
reasonable men that if they wish to be  
sad and sour, to grumble and complain,  
there is always a chance. Reasons for  
being cast down and dejected are as  
plenty as blackberries in the height of  
harvest. If one thing goes right, you  
may be sure there is always something  
else going wrong; and if one thing is  
in order something else is out of joint,  
or at any rate soon will be. The chief  
difference in the feelings and disposi  
tions of people results from the differ  
ent way of looking at things. Few  
nights are so dark that no stars are to  
be seen, the thing is to look them out  
and keep your eyes on them, and make  
the most of what light you can dis  
cover.

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1878.

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U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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## NOT CURRENT.

Many of our subscribers, in paying for the JOURNAL, send us postage stamps for the fractions of a dollar, perhaps thinking that they are current money, which we beg leave to state is an error. We would, however, be willing to receive any amount of postage-stamps if they were readily exchangeable for currency; but, such not always being the case, a superfluous amount of them frequently becomes a bore. As silver change is often inconvenient to send in letters, we suggest that when the money cannot be sent in round dollars, of greenback currency, the better plan is to send the equivalent in Post-Office Money-Orders.

## THE CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF-MUTES.

On the Fourth Sunday after Trinity, July 14th, it is expected that the Rev. H. W. Stye will conduct the service for deaf-mutes in St. Ann's Church, N. Y., at 3:30 p. m.; Mr. James Lewis in St. Mary's Church, Brooklyn, at 3 p. m.; and the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet in the Academy of Music, at 8 p. m. On the Fifth Sunday after Trinity, July 21st, the Rev. A. W. Mann is expected at St. Ann's, N. Y., at 3:30 p. m., and the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet at St. Andrew's, Harlem, at 4 p. m. On the Sixth Sunday after Trinity, July 28th, the Rev. A. Mann at St. Ann's, N. Y., at 3:30 p. m. St. Ann's Church, New York, was open for a special service on the morning of the 4th of July, in commemoration of our National Independence. Morning prayer at 6:30 was followed by a celebration of the Holy Communion at 7 o'clock.

The Rev. John Chamberlain has improved his opportunities for sight-seeing in London and Paris. He is expected home before the 1st of August. He has visited St. Saviour's Church in London, where the Rev. Samuel Smith holds services for deaf-mutes, and he has also been through the Institution under the charge of Dr. Watson.

## NEW BOOK.

We are in receipt of a copy of the second edition of the History of the First School for Deaf-Mutes of America, Mr. Ira H. Derby, of South Weymouth, Mass., Publisher and Proprietor. This neat little book of 32 pages shows how the deaf and dumb are educated, how the Alphabets are invented, and how they are introduced into use. It is also embellished with pictures of the Hartford Asylum, Rev. T. H. Gallaudet, LL. D., the Gallaudet Monument, Professor Clerc, Cleric Monument, Seward, and the single-hand and double-hand Manual Alphabet. Retail price of the book, 25 cents; agents supplied at \$10 per hundred. The express, or mail charges, on all books paid by the publisher. Orders for single copies or for wholesale supplies may be sent to Ira H. Derby, South Weymouth, Mass.

## LUSUS NATURÆ.

There may now be seen in one of Mattoon's green houses in Oswego, N. Y., a natural floral curiosity. It is a double flower, or a flower within a flower (or spathe, properly) on the *Richardia alba maculata*, generally known as the variegated or spotted-leaved calla lily.

This curious and very rare freak of nature has occurred in Mattoon's green houses four or five times during the past year on the *Richardia Ethiopica* (the well known calla lily), but it is not known that the variegated calla has before produced a double flower of this kind. It is a curiosity which will pay one interested in such matters to visit.

By the way this establishment would be a credit to cities much larger than Oswego. It contains everything that is novel, rich and rare, and the stock is constantly increased from the very finest establishments in New York and Philadelphia. There may be larger establishments than this, but not a collection of rarer plants.

## THE CELEBRATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

In accordance with the customs of past years interested parties began an early move in the direction of celebrating the 4th of July, 1878, with the determination to make the day's doings at least as imposing this year as on former occasions. That they succeeded in so doing, we believe was the opinion of a large majority who spent the day and evening in our village, although the fire-work display of itself was, perhaps, not quite as much noted for its diversity and brilliancy as in a few instances of former years. But what it lacked in gorgeousness was fully balanced by duration.

If we mistake not Ayer's almanac and divers others make the fourth of July occur between the third and fifth days of the seventh month, but the boys of Mexico were by no means circumscribed by any such narrow limits; consequently the fourth began this year by the firing of crackers about as early as the 1st, and ended, except in a few stray cases, with the close of the firemen's ball Friday morning, July 5th; but the full reaction of effects were not over with some till several days later.

Full preparations for the gala features of the holiday were completed in due season, and notwithstanding the need of rain was felt, the weather prospects were carefully investigated and were found to be favorable. On Wednesday, July 3d, were closely watched, many fearing that the outward indications of rain did not prove correct on that day or evening Thursday would surely bring wet weather, and a badly soiled if not ruined Independence.

Thursday morning approached and with it a clouded sky and also a very light rain; but the latter soon "dried up" and the former proved a rich blessing in disguise. In the afternoon the sky was clear and the sun hot, but a light breeze from the north-west relieved the people of the stifling, oppressive heat of the forenoon.

A midnight salute was fired and another made its remarks at about 4 a. m. People began to get in readiness for the day's celebration at an early hour. When it was about time for the arrival of the train from the East, the village firemen and Helicon Band marched to the depot, and escorted the Pulaski firemen into town. Proceeding to the engine house, the president of our village, Mr. G. H. Goodwin, delivered an address of welcome to the Pulaski firemen. Later, the fire companies, Huntington Guards, and a large gathering of civilians proceeded to the academy grounds, where after the reading of the declaration of Independence by Mr. M. L. Wright, President Goodwin addressed the assemblage, his oration abounding in sentiments of patriotism, and being listened to with great interest. Returning up town from the academy at a little past twelve, the crowd dispersed for a short time, and patronage of the military and firemen being divided between Boyd, of the Mexico Hotel, and Dillon, of the Empire House, for both dinners and suppers.

The intervals between the more important occurrences of the day were interspersed with the essential fire-crackers, and other *et ceteras*, in order to insure a full and complete day's amusements.

Throughout the day and in the evening the Helicon Band sustained its excellence for music, and marshall music reminded us of former days, when the marshalled hosts of patriotism marched to southern soil to battle for the Union, and maintain the liberty won by our fathers of which Independence day is a type, but more than a shadow.

After dinner, that very important adjunct of the proper observance of a great national holiday, preparations were made for the sham fight. A battery of one cannon was planted in the center of Main street, where it is intersected by South Jefferson street, and a barricade, composed of boxes was erected. A salute was fired with the battery while other arrangements were being made. At near three o'clock Huntington Guards, under First Lieutenant Homer Ames, were placed in line of battle array, on Main street, near Salmon Creek bridge, and the skirmishers, supporting the battery, both comprising the Canadian Redoubtables, under Captain Nelson Ames, were ordered to advance on the enemy at the East. Advancing, they kept up a desultory firing till the Guards were ordered forward. When the opposing forces were within about sixty yards of each other Lieutenant Ames company poured forth a volley of musketry which was so terrific that the Redoubtables fell back on their battery, which belched forth its murderous tones, in such thunderous notes that several large panes of glass were shattered by the concussion, when, finding the fire too hot for them, the Guards in turn retreated. By turns each army drove the other, and in turn retreated before it, for some time; finally a flank movement on the battery and a forward march of the main body by the Guards concentrated the battle on the ground where the battery was parked, and ended in a charge-bayonet fight, when the sham battle was soon brought to a conclusion, having been witnessed by an immense gathering of spectators, lining both sides of the streets, in stores, shops, upper stories, and many occupying conspicuous positions on awnings and on the roofs of high buildings. Both companies of infantry were armed with rifled breech-loading military muskets belonging to the Forty-eighth New York Regiment, and the firing was done rapidly. Each soldier was supplied with sixteen cartridges.

At the close of the battle the center of the street was cleared for a foot-race. There were four contestants, and there were two heats. We are told that Mr.

Richards, of Parish, won the prize in the first, and his brother in the second heat.

The exciting, fun-producing tub-race came off on Salmon creek; but, like many others, overcome with the noise and heat, we pleaded indisposition and did not go to witness the sport.

There was a partial lull among the crowd, and many retired to their supper and to take a fresh start for the evening's performances; and others to prepare for the firemen's party at Empire Hall, which, with a large number, concluded the Fourth of July celebration, though many were, to use a common phrase, "played out" without participating in the dance.

We should not omit to say that the engine was placed on Main street and the firemen gave a fine test of their capacity for throwing water, in the latter part of the afternoon, winning great applause, and also accomplishing good results by sprinkling down the dust; for, although the light rain of the morning had nicely prepared the streets, the afternoon's bright sun, and the constant travel of teams and pedestrians, added to the tramping of those engaged in the sham fight, had created a great necessity for the use of water.

Shortly before nine o'clock the evening's amusements opened by the appearance, on Main street, of the Fantastics, disguised in the most ludicrous manner imaginable, accompanied by torchlight-bearers, to light up their features for the benefit of the spectators, while the former marched and counter-marched, incessantly discharging Roman candles.

Several very fine balloons were sent up, and, mounting upward to a great height, were very much admired.

The display of fire-balls, in their ricochet movements, in all directions, above and through the crowd, and occasionally smashing a large window-pane, was a magnificent sight, sometimes creating a little consternation, but greatly admired and loudly and continually applauded.

Chinese lanterns were displayed in front of Empire Hall; the arrangements of the ball were good, the music excellent; the supper, got up by Dillon, of the Empire House, was equal to its former standard and the party was a grand success.

Great enthusiasm prevailed throughout the day, a large number of flags were displayed, a larger crowd was in town than on any previous similar occasion, and glorious was the celebration of the Fourth of July, 1878.

## POSTPONEMENT.

In consequence of the continued hard times, and general depression of business throughout the New England States, it has been thought advisable to postpone the proposed convention of the New England Gallaudet Association until some more happy auspicious day. The members of the Association may, however, be had for the transaction of business, some time this year, due notice of which, should it be called, will be sent to the members.

JOHN T. TILLINGHAM,  
President N. E. G. Association of Deaf-Mutes.

## CARD OF INVITATION.

Chicago, July 3, 1878.  
An invitation is extended to teachers passing through Chicago on their way to and from the Teachers' Convention at Columbus to deliver lectures before the members of the Chicago Deaf-Mute Society at their room, at No. 89 East Madison St., Room 10. Arrangements can be made by addressing G. A. Christenson, President, at No. 105, Bremer Street.

D. W. GONZALEZ, Secretary.

The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, with its Home for the Aged and Infirm.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS FOR JUNE, 1878.

|  |          |
|--|----------|
| From the sale of "Lenten Bells".....   | \$ 12.50 |
| The Church of the Intercession, N. Y. Services for Deaf-Mutes in St. Mary's, Brooklyn, and St. Andrew's, Harlem..... | 22.38    |
| Brooklyn, and St. Andrew's, Harlem.....  | 75       |
| Henry S. Stevenson and wife, Philadelphia.....   | 25.00    |
| Miss Cornelia E. Boardman, New York.....   | 50.00    |
| Milford, Conn.....   | 5.00     |
| John Barlick, Cincinnati.....  | 5.00     |
| Hon. Hamilton Fish.....  | 100.00   |
| Ephraim Sunday school of the Columbia Institution for Deaf-mutes, Washington, D. C.....                              | 57.88    |
| Stewart Brown.....   | 100.00   |
| COLLECTED BY MR. JAMES LEWIS.  |          |
| R. S. Ely.....   | \$ 5.00  |
| Thomas Holland.....  | 5.00     |
| E. M. Benjamin.....  | 2.00     |
| A. M. Hoyt.....  | 5.00     |
| E. O. Pierce.....  | 1.00     |
| F. R. Arnold.....  | 2.00     |
| Mrs. E. E. Foster.....   | 2.00     |
| A. B. McDonald.....  | 10.00    |
| A. W. Spies.....   | 2.00     |
| Cash and Anonymous.....  | 41.70    |
| Total.....   | \$450.21 |

Donations may be sent to the General Manager, Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D. D., No. 9 West Eighteenth street, New York City.

## A Table.

For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

JULY 14th, 1878.

MORNING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 14th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Genesis XLIII.  
2d Lesson—Acts XIV.  
English Lectionary.  
1st Lesson—1st Samuel XII.  
2d Lesson—Acts XVIII, 1-24.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the fourth Sunday after Trinity.

EVENING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 14th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Genesis XLV.  
2d Lesson—Titus II and III, 1-10.  
English Lectionary.  
1st Lesson—1st Samuel XIII or Ruth I.  
2d Lesson—Matthew VI, 19, to VII, 1-7.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the fourth Sunday after Trinity.

## EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

Large numbers of Mormons from foreign countries are arriving in New York every week bound for Utah.

President Hayes has pardoned more persons in the same length of time of his administration than any of his predecessors.

It is estimated that of the \$157,250,000 appropriated by the last Congress, more than \$16,000,000 were to meet deficiencies created by the sham economies of the previous Congress.

At twenty-four minutes past three o'clock on the morning of July 2d, the earth reached that part of its orbit in which it is at its greatest possible distance from the sun—a distance estimated at 90,832,750 miles.

Far-seeing politicians are now predicting that General Grant will be the Republican candidate for the Presidency in 1880, to hold the office for life. Is the star-spangled banner a failure, and this glorious Republic played out?

Here's a fish conundrum: Who ever saw a bass drum? Next!—*Elmira Gazette*. Give it up. Who ever saw an eel pont? or an oyster plant?—*N. Y. Express*. Or a trout spotted a sucker?—*Syracuse Herald*. O, sh-d! Too fishy. Enough to hal-i-but macker-el.

In honor of a grand fete at the Paris Exposition last week, 1,269 communists have been allowed remission or commutation of punishment. Nor were the poor of Paris forgotten. They had \$10,000 distributed among them, besides grants from the local relief funds.

Serious trouble is anticipated on the Rio Grande and on the North-western Indian frontier this summer. It is the impression in military quarters that the revolutionary element in Mexico will endeavor to precipitate a war between the United States and that country.

Wm. H. Vanderbilt is now president of eight railroads, representing a capital of \$237,000,000. Only a few years ago he was managing simply a market garden on Staten Island. The old farm house stands there where his boys grew up in rural simplicity, but now, by the grace of their grandfather, they are young capitalists, each with two millions.

The business failures in New York city during the past six months number 514, with total liabilities estimated at \$40,000,000, while the assets amount to only about \$11,000,000. This is a large increase over the failures in the same period last year. And yet the New York press, in the face of these facts, endeavor to make out that the country is rapidly returning to its former prosperity.

Hanging men by mob law seems to be a favorite means of satisfying the demands of justice in some of the Southern States, but it doesn't always pay out a sure way of accomplishing the desired end. Two men were recently hung in Tennessee by a crowd of justice-loving citizens, and shortly after launching their victims into eternity, they discovered the fact that they had hung two innocent fellow-beings.

The town of Anderson, Ind., has just passed through an experience absolutely unparalleled in the history of American municipalities. A retrenchment council came to a tie vote on a proposition to reduce the Mayor's salary by \$100; he gave the casting vote in its favor. Then the clerk was asked to show cause why his salary should not be reduced \$200—he failed, and it was. The marshal and treasurer followed suit, and then these Spartan councillors cut down their own salaries fifty per cent.

China is not the only great empire afflicted by famine. From Brazil comes the news that in three important provinces the springs, brooks, and rivers have been dried up for many months; that crops do not grow, and that people are perishing by many thousands. In the city of Aracata, from the 10th of February to the 18th, no less than 664 persons died of hunger, and at least 10,000 people have perished in the province of Ceara since the beginning of the famine.

One of the celebrated criminal trials of the age came to end in Camden N. J., on the 3d inst, in the conviction of Benjamin Hunter of the murder of John M. Armstrong. Hunter is a man of means, and a fortune has been expended by him and his friends in an effort to save his neck. But the chain of circumstantial evidence appeared perfect in every link from the day that Hunter procured insurance amounting to \$26,000 upon the life of Armstrong, until the day that his victim fell beneath the blow of a hired assassin, in an alley in Camden.

Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, in a recent speech to his constituents in Georgia, boldly denounced the Potter investigation of the alleged election frauds, as one-sided and foolish in the extreme, and that, had the real course of the projectors of the Potter resolution been adopted, "a war would have swept the country compared to which the recent civil war would have been as a breeze to a cyclone. It would not have been organized or sectional warfare, but the battles of the Commune and the ent-throats. The same cause and the same influences were at work as in 1860. I saw danger ahead when the question was sprung by Potter. The country was at peace, and the South had gained the principle for which she longed."

## The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

SERVICE will be held in the American Asylum, Hartford, Conn., every Sunday at 3 p. m., during the vacation.

VACATION at the American Asylum commenced on the 25th ult., and will end September 11th. The Asylum congratulates itself in not having as much as one pupil remaining under its roof.

A recent letter from Ira A. Derby, of South Weymouth, Mass., informed us that he contemplated going to New York, on the evening of July 8th, to join the deaf-mute excursion which came off on the 10th inst.

Mr. E. C. Stone, Principal of the American Asylum, has been to Providence, Fall River and New Bedford, hunting up uneducated deaf-mutes. Let other principals of other deaf-mute schools do likewise during the vacation.

A Utica, N. Y., subscriber says: Your paper is always a welcome visitor. I have learned a great deal from it concerning deaf-mutes, which is of especial interest to me, because I have two children who are deaf and dumb. They are pupils of the Rome Institution.

SANFORD Wilson, a deaf-mute, of West Deering, N. H., is said to be a good workman at the carpenter's trade. He is now at work building a barn, we are told, for Henry Hallon of that place. Persons in that section, wishing that kind of carpenter's work done may do well to employ Mr. Wilson, as he is said to be a faithful workman.

Rev. W. W. Turner, of Hartford, Conn., is not so strong as he was a year ago, but he appears to be pretty smart. He has lately been in Philadelphia to visit his son, and seemed at the time refreshed. He has passed 78 winters, and has two brothers, one aged 82 and the other 90. Mr. Turner's grandfather or his great grandfather was one of the first settlers of New Haven, Conn.

SEVERAL teachers from the Ohio Institution witnessed the games between the mute Amateur Base-Ball Club and the Port City Club (professionals), played at Cleveland, June 28th and 29th. In the above games the mutes played extremely well. It was evident, however, that they had not expected so heavy playing as the professional club showed. None of their former opponents, at Columbus, had shown the same strength, or they might have been able to estimate the strength of the Cleveland club somewhat differently.

Mr. E. N. Bowes and his family and Mrs. J. P. Marsh were recently in Hartford, Conn. The latter has gone to stay with her husband, whom she had not seen for three months. He left Boston and went to Thomaston to find work. Mr. Marsh is a worthy man and is willing to work for his daily bread, rather than to beg it. It has, also, for years past, been his aim to promote the temporal and spiritual welfare of his brethren.

Mr. Bowes and family were en route for Chicago, where they were to remain for a time. Mr. Bowes, as we understand, obtained a new business, and it is hoped he will prosper in the world and be useful to others.

THE *American Annals* for July, 1878, is at hand. The pamphlet presents its usual amount of interesting reading matter. The following subjects are treated: "Drawing Designs," by James H. Hogan, M. A., Turtle Creek, Pa.; "Consignments marriages," by Alfred Henry Huth, London, Eng.; "The Greatest Good to the Greatest Number," by Isaac Lewis Ford, LL. D., New York; "Hesperus Admonition on Devotion," the Fourteenth Anniversary of the National Deaf-Mute College, May 1, 1878," by Edward M. Gallaudet, Ph. D., LL. D., Washington; "The Gesture Language," by Edward B. Taylor, London, Eng.; "Mrs. Mary B. Swan," by Roswell H. Kinney, M. A., Omaha, Neb.; a poem, "In Memory of the late John R. Burnett," by James Naeck, of New York. (The lines were taken from the *JOURNAL* of February 7th, 1878.) "An Interesting Case of Articulation and Lip-Reading," by the Editor; "The Examination of Teachers in Hanover," by the Editor; "Institution Studies of Deaf-Mutism," by the Editor; "Institution Home," by the Editor; "Miscellaneous," by the Editor.

DEBORAH G. D. Gillespie, of Michigan, visited the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and Blind, at Flint, June 20th, and gives the following as the substance of his observation which, especially in regard to separating the deaf and blind, we heartily endorse:

We were present on Commencement Day. This is the pleasantest of all the State Institutions. The children are bright and happy. The ability in composition, in sign speaking, displayed on the platform, show the value of the instruction in bringing the mutes into society, and making their ability in trades available. The lip-reading and utterance are almost mysterious until explained. The exercises of the blind, though simple, show the same blessed restoration, in good degree, to our ordinary life. The time has now come when the Legislature can scarcely fail to see the necessity of separating the two classes. Room is needed for each class. A dual institution is to the injury of the blind. They are not only a minority, but there is no natural sympathy between the mute and the blind. With no intended neglect, the blind do not receive the benefit the State means to confer. This is a school—part of the school system of the State, and should receive all who let be benefited by it. Proper sentiment will not let it stand related to pauperism. I was glad to learn that two children, now in poor houses, though not fully qualified, will be admitted when the term opens.

## A PICNIC.

The deaf-mutes of Boston and vicinity will hold a Picnic at Downer's Landing, July 17th.

## INDIGESTION.

The main cause of nervousness is indigestion, and that is caused by weakness of the stomach. No one can have sound nerves and good health without using Hop Bitters to strengthen the stomach, purify the blood, and to keep the liver and kidneys active, to carry off all the poisonous and waste matter of the system. See other column.

## PATENTS! PATENTS!

Edison has made a fortune, and his name will go down to posterity as the Master Genius of this age. He has taken out nearly 200 patents. Inventors entitled to patents should send stamp for information to

PRESBURY & GREEN,  
509 Seventh St., Washington, D. C.

The largest strawberry farm in the world is that of John R. Young, Jr., of Norfolk, Va. The yield on this farm this season was 500,000 quarts.

## Local Paragraphs.

Black raspberries are abundant.

Farmers are now securing their hay crop.

The strawberry season here is nearly over.

H. Webb has returned from Skaneateles.

Workmen are laying the foundation for the town hall.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Huntington are now very much improved.

A ten-year old son of Harry Kenyon, of this town, died last week.

Orville Whitney went to Rome last week to attend the funeral of a sister.

A new bridge is to be built over Black Creek at the Spring street crossing.

Lewis Howard has returned from his visit to Europe, including the Paris Exposition.

Frank Lingenfelter had his face badly burned while playing with powder, last Saturday.

The sight of new cabbages at Parker's, recently, made our mouth water for sauerkraut.

Mrs. T. W. Skinner and children are spending the hot weather at Thousand Island Park.

Thursday, the 4th, was observed as a holiday by nearly everybody in this village and vicinity.

Miss Lilla Howard, of this village, graduated from the Normal School at Oswego, last week.

Mexico Point has become a very popular resort for pleasure-seekers, during the hot weather.

Ripe cherries and water-melons, the latter from Long Island, are now offered for sale in this village.

Jay Lingenfelter has recently been quite unwell, and Mrs. Lingenfelter has been sick for several weeks.

A son of Mr. Kellogg, of Red Mills, was drowned while bathing in the pond at that place, on the 1st inst.

Newell Gustin is putting up a large addition to his poke and butter tub factory, for the manufacture of caskets.

We are sorry to learn that Mr. E. T. Whitehead lately had the misfortune to have his house destroyed by fire.

Mrs. Joseph Hooker (mother of Mrs. J. C. Taylor), of Sandy Creek, died last Monday night. She will be buried in this village.

Dr. J. W. Huntington was accosted by a highwayman one night not long since, but escaped without loss. The robber escaped.

L. B. Thompson has bought a spaniel pup. "He is a fine animal, but he makes more noise than a full-grown Newfoundland dog."

Mrs. Diantha Bard and her two children went to New York, last Monday night, for the medical treatment of the youngest daughter, Annie.

Strong Bennett has returned to Adams to prosecute his medical studies. He thinks of entering the university at Ann Arbor, Mich., next fall.

Four or five young men of this village have gone to Mexico Point to camp on the beach, taking their meals at one of the summer hotels there.

The day after the Fourth presented a calm very much resembling that which is seen to succeed a great storm—so deserted and quiet were the streets.

The demand for Paris green in the height of potato bug devastation is almost equal to that for tar and "fetty" in the most dismal days of the horse epizootic.

Mrs. Briggs and daughters, of Galveston, Tex., are spending the hot weather season at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Quigg, the parents of Mrs. Briggs.

Cultivated strawberries have ruled low this year, large quantities of very choice varieties having been retailed at the groceries and on our streets for five cents a quart.

At a special meeting held at the school house in district No. 8 (brick house), in this village, last Friday evening, it was voted to expend \$100 in grading the grounds.

On the 4th of July the ladies of the Women's Temperance Union did a fair business serving ice-cream and other refreshments, at a well-arranged tent on L. F. Alfred's lawn.

Mrs. Baker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Valentine, who has visited her parents and other friends in this vicinity for some time past, has returned to her home, Hudson, Mich.

The base-ball match between the Alerts, of this village, and the Pick-ups, of Colosse, played July 4th, on the fair grounds, resulted in the victory of the former, by a score of 24 to 14.

Elbert Tripp and his son, of Camden, N. Y., have been visiting friends in this village, and Mrs. Mary Tripp, daughter of the first named, is spending a few weeks with friends in town.

The Pulaski firemen, who spent the Fourth in this village, by invitation, are a good-looking, free-hearted lot of boys, and present a cool, comfortable appearance in their suits of blue flannel.

Fire-balls, on the evening of the 4th, were a little expensive on glass, in a few cases. Among several others one of the large panes in a front window of Huntington's drug store was broken by one of them, in its oblique circuit.

Workmen are making extensive improvements on John Burroughs' house. At the end of his present cruise in the navy Mr. Burroughs will be placed on the list of retired officers, and we hope he will live many years to enjoy his pleasant home.

Neighbors and friends of Levi Vincent, who was recently seriously injured by a train of cars at Pulaski, made a "bee" went to his farm in Richland and hoed his corn and potatoes, then cut his hay (16 acres) and housed it before dark.

## Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

REV. A. W. MANN AT LOUISVILLE, KY.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Rev. A. W. Mann held service here on his appointed day, June 23d. We had looked forward to it with so much pleasure and happiness; and now that it is all over we can acknowledge that we had our anticipations fully realized. We had the joy of seeing the word of God preached to us in our own mute language, and also had the pleasure of meeting together once more. Nor did we forget what is due to a pastor, for Mr. Mann was warmly received here. There were many strangers present, some coming from Indiana, also a teacher by the name of Mr. Houghton, of Knoxville, Tenn.

Mr. Herr, whom we thought had bade us farewell for six years of college life, made his appearance. He came from the National College to spend his vacation at home. He looks very student like; tall, slim and pale.

While Mr. Mann preached to us the two hearing preachers kept mum, and the silence was only now and then broken by the choir. The hearing people got tired of that stillness. Should not their hearts have gone out in pity to us, as we are always obliged to look on in silence, not understanding what is said, for want of an interpreter? Have we not causes at such times, to feel our affliction and are not we tempted to feel discontented and dissatisfied with ourselves when we walk home from church? How different was it with us when a fellow mute took his place on the platform, with our eyes fixed on him attentively as he preached to us in our own language. We received his teaching with much joy, and I hope the "parable of the sower," who sowed on hard ground, will not fit us.

To have the gospel preached to us once a year is not enough. Mr. Mann thinks of coming here oftener than twice a year. He will try to come next September, when the Exposition has opened, and there will in all probability be other mutes here from a distance to visit the Exposition, and they will be glad to see Mr. Mann, on Sunday.

Louisville has not a mute society or Sunday-school, of which other large cities can boast.

Mr. Dillingham, whose mother is a deaf-mute, is willing to be our leader in Sunday-school, but no one seems to make a beginning. We shall have to study the Bible for ourselves. The Lord says, "Keep my commandments," and the Bible, if studied and obeyed, will prove a safe-guard against all temptations.

That guides the pilgrim way:  
Directs his wanderings from afar  
To realms of endless day.  
It points the course where'er we roam,  
And safely leads the pilgrim home.

A LOUISVILLE SUBSCRIBER.  
Louisville, Ky., June 27, 1878

## PROFESSOR JOB TURNER AT DANVILLE, KY.

DANVILLE, KY., July 3, 1878.  
MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—Great pride do I feel to be in the noble State of Henry Clay, the great statesman, and this is Kentucky.

Last Monday afternoon I set my foot on this soil for the first time, and Superintendent Jacobs gave me a pure Kentucky welcome, which I am now enjoying very much. I need not say how sweet I find it to rest after a long trip, in the midst of the magnificent scenery of this State, because I have been prosecuting my mission work in the South for about three-fourths of a year, for the really wonderful success of which work I cannot sufficiently thank God, who has most kindly guided me safely through all my appointments.

This institution is pleasantly situated, and a magnificent view is taken from its cupola, from which can be seen the Cumberland Mountains, between this State and Virginia. It employs five teachers, for eighty pupils. Three of the teachers are deaf and dumb, their names being Messrs. Schoolfield and Yeager, and Miss Stephens, all Kentuckians, and graduates of this institution. The present superintendent was named after his uncle, John A. Jacobs, the founder and principal of this institution. Old Mr. Jacobs rode on horseback from this place to Hartford to qualify himself for a teacher of the deaf and dumb, and placed himself under the instruction of the lamented Laurent Clerc for a year and several months. Dr. H. P. Peet and probably Rev. W. W. Turner were with him about that time. From what I have heard, many of the graduates of this institution are very smart and doing well in the world. To prove this, I will give you a case: Mr. George, a graduate of this institution, and a very skillful printer, for a long time enjoyed the personal instruction of the late John A. Jacobs, and was some years afterwards appointed teacher in this institution. Here he labored without intermission, with that success which attended him in every work he undertook, until that dreadful disease, cancer, finally brought him down to the grave.

I had the pleasure of meeting with his son, D. Webster George, in Chicago, whom I found a very smart fellow. He graduated from the National Deaf-Mute College. Messrs. Yeager, and Schoolfield both graduated from this institution, in 1861, the former being appointed a teacher in 1876, and the latter in 1866. Mr. Yeager had followed the printers' trade for fifteen

years, when he was called to this institution. Mr. Schoolfield had been engaged as a farmer five years, when he left his plough, like Cincinnati, to become a teacher in this school. I must not omit to say that he is a taxidermist. The word Taxidermist means one who understands how to stuff birds and animals, for preservation. No other deaf-mute has ever been one.

Charles Fosdick, one of the pupils, and editor of the Kentucky Deaf-Mute, Jr., is a boy of remarkable intelligence and persevering energy. He is doing one wonderful thing: That is, he shows ingenuity in modeling an institution and its grounds, like this institution. Messrs. Yeager and Schoolfield have invited me to take a trip to Lexington with them, to-morrow, the 14th, to see the home and grave of Henry Clay, and some other noted places. We go to-morrow morning and return here the same night.

I had almost forgotten to say that we passed over High Bridge, over the Kentucky River, the cliffs of which river are magnificent. The bridge is 286 feet high, about thirty feet higher than the Bunker Hill monument. It is thought to be the highest and finest bridge in America.

The Cincinnati Southern Railroad has a strong iron bridge over the Ohio river, connecting with the Blue Grass cities of Kentucky, among which are Danville, the seat of the deaf and dumb institution, and Lexington, the home of Henry Clay.

I should have left this institution for Virginia and the North this morning, but Superintendent Jacobs has urged me hard to remain with him till Monday morning, to lecture on Sunday, to which I have consented, after some hesitation.

I had the pleasure and privilege of holding a service at St. John's Church, Cincinnati, last Sunday. To Mr. Robert P. McGregor belongs the success of the service.

I called on Mr. William Willard, a deaf-mute gentleman, and the founder of the Indiana Institution, and he received me warmly and gave me a ride for two hours, which pleased me very much.

I visited the Indiana deaf and dumb institution, at Indianapolis. Unfortunately I reached there one hour after the closing of the school exercises for the vacation, but Superintendent McIntire gave me a cordial welcome. Miss Thomas, the Matron, entertained me very kindly. She is, I have no doubt, everything that the superintendent could desire for a matron. One of the teachers, Mr. Houghshort, very kindly showed me through all parts of the institution, and paid me every attention for the superintendent who was very busy. He has my thanks. Yours most sincerely,  
JOB TURNER.

## BOSTON NOTES.

Under the skillful management of President Holmes, the deaf-mute society at Boston, is making fine progress, gaining weekly in numbers and attendance. The president, George Holmes, who has held the helm of the association ever since its organization, deserves credit for having piloted his way-tossed bark to a haven of safety through the breakers created by the other society, which is now extinct. The members of both societies have buried the hatchet and are apparently on good terms with each other, excepting a possible few.

On Wednesday, June 26th, there was a literary entertainment that excited the interest and delight of all the members who happened to be present. It was a debate, the first of the kind ever held on the platform of the society. The debaters chosen were Wallace H. Krause and George A. Newhall, both being well matched, as the result will show. To the spectators it seemed as if Goliath was once more pitted against David; the almost gigantic figure of Krause and the boyish appearance of Newhall favoring the illusion.

The question at issue was "wood or iron." Mr. Krause strongly urged the superiority of wood over iron, while Mr. Newhall, as strongly advocated the claims of the latter. The debate was exciting throughout, some of the audience even taking part in the literary contest. One bright little girl, a daughter of Mrs. Amba Smith, stood up for iron, because out of it could be made many things necessary for the setting of a gun like herself, such as pins, needles, hair crimpers, etc.

The comparisons, or similes, were drawn from every day life, such as pass daily under our observation, and therefore they were the better understood by the audience. Every good point on each side was received with great applause by the friends of both parties.

Finally Messrs. Krause and Newhall succeeded in proving what? That iron was as necessary as wood, and that we could no more do without the one than the other. So when the question, as to which side had won, was put to a vote, six votes were counted for the advocate of wood and one for iron, but when it was next asked how many were in favor of both sides of the question, the majority that arose was overwhelming. The debate was declared a drawn one, in which each of the contestants had found a foe worthy of his steel. This kind of entertainment was only an experiment made by Messrs. Holmes and Lynde, members of the Board, who were much gratified at the success of their efforts, and will give a series of debates, as interesting, no doubt, as the first one, whenever it is practicable.

HEN.

Boston, June 29, 1878.  
Mr. A. Merritt, of Philadelphia, says Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy has produced the most wonderful cures. See Dr. Kennedy's advertisement.

## LETTER FROM T. A. FROELICH. Celebrating Anniversary in Wyoming, Pa.—Improved Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—You receive this epistle from the regions of fair Wyoming Valley, where I shall spend two memorable days in American history—Independence Day and the Centennial of the Massacre of Wyoming—both of which are to be celebrated simultaneously.

Being a native of Wyoming Valley, of course this centennial has greater attractions for me than for many others. I shall try to extract all the pleasures I can during my sojourn here.

While at leisure I wish to communicate for your paper my experience at the examination of the pupils of the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf Mutes, (articulate), in New York, which took place in the reception room of the institution, on the 17th and 18th of June, from 10 to 12 A. M.

I found that room crowded to its utmost capacity with friends and relatives of the pupils, and among the distinguished guests present, I observed the Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, and Mr. I. Rosenfeld, late treasurer, now vice-president of the institution, and one of its founders; also a Miss Rogers, Principal of the Northampton Institution for Deaf-Mutes, (articulate), to whom I had the pleasure of an introduction. I also had a conversation with her. She seems to be a strong advocate of the articulation system.

One of the lower classes was first put on exhibition. It was the class under the tuition of Miss Keeler. The teacher asked them a number of questions touching a picture which was placed before them. The picture was well described, and the answers so distinctly given as to be understood by all. The pupils did their teacher and the school much credit, being the class next the lowest and under but one year's tuition.

Next followed the classes of Misses Phipps and Brace, which are of about the same grade, and, although that of Miss Brace is taught the same branches, its advancement was manifested not only in the thoughts, but in the longer and better formed sentences in which those thoughts were expressed.

Some of the pupils of these lower grades, when answering questions put to them, for fear of giving information to their classmates, and to prevent them from reading their lips, put their hands to their mouths. This maneuver was not understood by the audience, and the explanation of the principal, Professor Greenberger, amused them.

Miss Patten's class, the next advanced, now came in; the boys seemed to feel their dignity, and to look down on those who preceded them. I recognized among the pupils of this class some who, a few years ago, at the time I was a pupil of the institution, were in the class now taught by Miss Phipps. Well they might be proud of their rapid progress, as among their studies they now number reading, grammatical exercises, arithmetic, geography, history, composition, &c.

One pupil was repeatedly corrected for pronouncing Lake Ontario thus: "Ontario"; then, as if suddenly remembering the correct pronunciation, he called at the top of his voice, "Oh! Lake Ontario," now correct and very distinct. This caused a general laugh among the audience.

The last class which was placed under examination (last but not least), was taught by Miss Way. It was represented by three boys and one girl: Sol. Cornelius, T. Driscoll, E. Nuber, and Mina Klaus. The little girl is thirteen years of age, and seems to be very intelligent.

Sol. Cornelius was already fifteen years old when he entered the institution, before which time he had had no instruction whatever. He had lived with his parents, in some country place, ignorant of the advantages the deaf and dumb might enjoy. Hearing, however, of this institution, through a gentleman from New York, his parents sent him there, where he has now been for five years. The progress he has made is really wonderful, considering the circumstances under which he entered.

It is unnecessary to say that they were well understood while answering the many questions put to them in American and Roman history, among other things discussing the times of Julius Caesar. This grade still continues the studies of the former grades.

The examination, on the whole, proved very creditable both to teachers and their pupils.

At the close of the exercises the pupils met their friends; all seemed to enjoy, heartily, the advantages which the articulation system affords of speaking and understanding one another. There were reflective remarks made as to the comparative advantages of the sign and articulation systems, and it seemed that the articulation found many admirers, and probably some converts to its method.

Undoubtedly the manner and style in which the pupils acquitted themselves at this examination can only reflect on the merits of the teachers and the institution, and must induce the public to look favorably upon the introduction of lip-reading as a better means for bringing deaf-mutes in closer contact with the speaking and hearing community.

Respectfully,

T. A. FROELICH.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., July 23, 1878.

WE have a fine line of bill-boards and business cards, which we shall be happy to print for customers at very low prices.

## REPETITIONS OF OLD TRICKS.

The following item was taken from the Cleveland Leader, of July 1st. It refers to a class whose number is, we are sorry to say, on the increase:

"George A. Wanner, hailing from Syracuse, New York, was arrested yesterday afternoon for peddling without a license. He had been selling blacking on the street, and to elicit sympathy and customers pretended to be dumb."

There is scarcely any doubt that this dishonest fellow, like many others, has learned bad tricks from rascally deaf-mutes, who go around the country imposing upon the people in various ways.

We know at least one of those fellows and something of his mode of doing business. He is unmarried. He has a card on which is printed a statement that he is deaf and dumb, married, and the father of seven or eight children, all in very reduced circumstances. The effect of this lying tale is generally to awaken sympathy, and cause the pennies to come faster and thicker. What makes the whole thing more contemptible is the fact that this fellow is large and strong, standing over six feet high, and turning the scales at about 250 pounds. His business is the same as that of the subject of the extract given above.

We could name other tricks of dishonest mutes, but this will suffice for the present.

The effect of these impostures by hearing and mute people tends somewhat to bring the mute community into disrepute. Ought there not to be a law framed to meet such cases of imposture as that of the fellow, Wanner? He was simply fined five dollars for violating the law relating to licenses.

Yours,  
ARGUS EYE.

## THE PARIS OF AMERICA.

From our regular correspondent.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—No news of interest has been picked up for your paper since my last communication.

About three weeks ago Rev. Job Turner (who is connected with the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes,) wrote a letter to Mr. R. P. McGregor, the manager of the Cincinnati Church Deaf-Mute Society, announcing his intention to hold a service in St. John's Church, Cincinnati, on the 16th of June. Mr. McGregor replied, saying that he was welcome to hold a service here. The members of the society did their best to make the attendance large. At the appointed time Mr. Turner failed to put in his appearance. Of course many deaf-mutes who, thinking that it would be their last opportunity of seeing him, came there and were very much disappointed, especially the mutes who came from a distance of between fifty and sixty miles. On the following day I was very much surprised to notice an item in the JOURNAL saying that Mr. Turner would hold a service in Chicago, Ill., on the 16th. Can't he rise and explain the reason for the changing of his appointment from Cincinnati to Chicago?

There was a very large number of mutes in attendance, and Mr. Turner lost the opportunity of holding a service before such a large audience of mutes. To avoid further gossip and ill feeling about him, he will please explain the reason why he failed to meet his appointment at Cincinnati.

On the 16th inst., as per appointment, Rev. A. W. Mann, of Cleveland, held a service in St. John's Church, before an audience of about 40 mutes. His sermon was an excellent and practical one, and, at its conclusion, he spoke in reference to the branch of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes being carried on in the West. His plans are sure, but have been slowly carried out.

Among the audience your correspondent noticed Mr. George Van Doren, of Franklin, O.; Mr. John Barkley, of Moscow, O.; Mr. Gilmore, of Greensburg, Ind.; and Mr. Carol, of Minnesota.

During the past month three or four deaf-mutes were arrested on charge of vagrancy and begging. They proved to be impostors. I suggest that a new law should be made, that all found to be impostors may be severely dealt with.

In my last communication, by mistake, I omitted the name of Mr. T. Byrne, who is one of the committee on piousness.

About two weeks ago the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Lanning died. The mutes of Cincinnati and vicinity are in sympathy with them in their sad bereavement.

On the 19th inst., the Cincinnati Day school for deaf-mutes closed for two months' vacation. At the close it had about 25 pupils.

Yours respectfully,  
AN ENGLISHMAN.  
Cincinnati, O., June 29, 1878.

## FAT PEOPLE.

Corpulent people can be reduced from two to five pounds per week without starvation, by using Allan's Anti-Fat, a purely vegetable and perfectly harmless remedy. It acts on the food in the stomach, neutralizing all saccharine and oleaginous matter.

BOTANIC MEDICINE CO., Buffalo, N. Y.:  
Gentlemen:—Without special change of diet, two bottles of Allan's Anti-Fat reduced me four and one-half pounds.

Yours respectfully,  
M. A. BUSH.

Hundreds of letters similar to the above have been received by the Botanic Medicine Co. Anti-Fat sold by druggists.

Ebenezer Whitney has improved a little during the past few weeks.

## NEWS FROM THE QUEEN CITY OF THE WEST, AND ITS VICINITY.

From our regular correspondent.]

CINCINNATI, O., July 4th, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—On the 28th ult., Prof. Job Turner arrived in Newport, Ky., from Indianapolis, Ind., and was the guest of Mr. R. P. McGregor for several days. Your correspondent had the pleasure of being introduced to him. To my surprise he looked much younger than I thought. Though he is about sixty years old, he appears as if he was no more than forty. During his stay at Professor McGregor's several mutes called to pay their respects to him. He told some funny stories, which amused them very much. Some laughed till they cried. On the following day Professor McGregor escorted Professor Turner to some beautiful hill-tops, and to the Zoological Garden, which the latter seemed to enjoy very much. He was impressed with the beautiful, large city—the "Queen City of the West." On the 30th he preached a sermon in St. John's Church, at three o'clock P. M., before a good-sized audience of mutes, in a very graceful and plain manner, and, on the conclusion of his sermon, related an account of his Southern mission work. He has traveled from Maine to Texas, and, in spite of his old age, he has worked very hard. His intention of holding a service here was unexpected to many mutes, otherwise there would have been many more present. He said he hoped to be able to come to Cincinnati and hold a service again next year.

July 1st he left for Danville, Ky., where he intends to stop for a week; then he will go to the New England States, where he will resume his services. If I am not mistaken, Danville, Ky., is the last city of his Southern mission work.

Among the audience was Mr. S. M. Freeman, who has just arrived in Cincinnati—his home—from the National Deaf-Mute College at Washington, where he graduated with high honors. He expects to get a situation as teacher next fall. He was invited to deliver a service in St. John's Church, on the 7th inst.

I noticed in the JOURNAL of June 20th this item: "The oldest New England deaf-mute is George Comstock, aged 83. Is there another as old or older in any State?" I would say that there is a deaf-mute by the name of Wm. Hoagland, aged 91 years, who lives in Lexington, Ky. He is the uncle of Jesse T. K. Hoagland, of Covington, Ky. Can any of your readers furnish the name of a deaf-mute who is older than he?

The recent article in the JOURNAL in reference to Rev. John Barrick's society has created quite a sensation in the deaf-mute community, not only in Cincinnati, but in the West. Your correspondent received several letters, from mutes of several parts of the country, inquiring what motives Mr. Barrick had in starting another society, in opposition to the old Cincinnati Deaf-Mute Church Association. I have already given the reasons in your paper of June 20th, which they will please notice. Since Mr. Barrick started the society, black clouds began to hang over him. Well, if he ceases running a church, he will be wiser, but sadder. I can prove that he is strongly prejudiced against the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, and any mute of other cities who holds a service here. He and the members of his society were not present at the recent services held by Rev. Mr. Mann and Job Turner. I herewith send you extracts from different papers which may prove to be worthy the perusal of your readers. Here is one from the Cincinnati Enquirer:

"The case of Wade Harris, a deaf-mute, who was indicted by the last Grand Jury for burglary in breaking into Bussing's bank several weeks ago, was nolleed by the County Prosecutor yesterday afternoon. Efforts had been made to communicate with the prisoner, but with only partial success. His affliction coming upon him after he had grown up, and being at the time an uneducated man, a common sailor, he had not acquired a mastery of even the mute alphabet. Mr. Robert McGregor, the instructor of deaf-mutes in our common schools, had been unable to make him understand his position. Under the circumstances, although there was a clear case against the prisoner, Mr. Irwin, the Prosecutor, thought it best that the indictment should be nolleed. Judge Longworth coincided with him, and the prisoner was discharged. The prisoner seemed quite able to understand that he had been discharged when the fact had been interpreted to him by Mr. McGregor. He managed, by a series of indistinguishable aspirations and swaying of the body, to indicate to the Court his gratitude for his discharge. After the Judge left the bench, he (the Judge) sent for the prisoner's counsel, T. A. Blinn, and gave him \$5 to be given to the prisoner. On getting the money he left the courtroom. He comes from Michigan, and is said to have been stricken deaf and dumb by the unexpected explosion of cannon. He is about fifty years of age."

Wade Harris has been in the Michigan and Kentucky penitentiaries several times, on charges of burglary. It is believed that he pretended to be ignorant, and to be an object of pity, in order to be set free.

From the Lexington, Ky., Gazette, June 22d: "The funeral services of J. Waller Rodes were held at his late residence on the Richmond pike, six miles from the city, at 12 o'clock, M., on last Saturday, Rev. George Hunt, of Versailles, officiating, after which the remains were borne to their last resting place in our beautiful cemetery. The pall-bearers were Hon. J. D. Hunt, Major R. S. Bullock, Wm. Pettit, W. A. Oldham, John M. Garth and Robert H. King, deaf-mutes. Among the gentlemen present were Hon. W. B. Kinkead, Hon. J. T. Stevenson, Capt. W. D. Nicholas, Allie G. Hunt, I. P. Shelby, Dr. L. B. Todd, Dr. W. O. Bullock, Prof. G. D. Hunt, Noah H. McClelland, R. P. Todhunter, and a large number of others who came to pay their last sad tribute to a departed friend and neighbor.

In the death of Mr. Rodes the community has lost a most worthy and useful citizen; one who, during his career, has ever had the respect and confidence of all who knew him, and who leaves behind him as a heritage to his family a name and character unsullied and without reproach."

Another article clipped from another paper reads: "We are pained to learn of the sudden death of J. Waller Rodes, of this county, which sad event happened on Thursday night. He was one of the most upright and respected citizens of the county, and his death will bring sorrow to many friends who knew and respected him. He leaves a widow and two sons—and one daughter who mourn for him. His funeral will take place at his late residence on the Richmond pike, six miles from the city, to-day, at 12 o'clock. Mr. Rodes was a deaf-mute, but had overcome his infirmity so far as to acquire a good education, and was an useful and most highly respected citizen."

He was a semi-mute, a wealthy farmer, was one of the oldest graduates of the Danville, Ky., Institution, and was a class-mate of old Mrs. Hoagland, of Covington, Ky.

The deaf-mutes of Cincinnati and its vicinity are preparing for a grand picnic at the Bellevue House, on Saturday, July 13th. The committee on picnics have received numerous letters from the mutes of the country announcing their intention of coming to the picnic, to which they reply, "Come one; come all."

Yours respectfully,  
AN ENGLISHMAN.

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## NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE NOTES.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I am conscious that this letter may appear as somewhat tardy in your columns, but, "better late than never," is my motto.

As your readers are aware by this time, our college has been thrown into deep mourning by the loss of another student by drowning. Shakespeare says truly:

"One we do tread upon another's heel,  
So fast they follow."

No sooner had we laid one fellow-student in his tomb, than we were called upon to mourn the loss of another. Of Mr. Dargan it might be said with truth, "Friends he had many, but enemies few or none," for he was naturally of a kind disposition, and it was one of his chief virtues that he always strove to be on good terms with every one around him. If, at any time, he had done a man an injury, no one was more ready to acknowledge it and ask forgiveness than he.

Mr. Dargan had been for a long time suffering from some secret disease, and, no doubt, death to him was a blessing in disguise. Unceasing pain, tempered by years of patience, threw a shade of sweet austerity over his whole bearing, and a melancholy though manly grace that moulded his being; but when seen in happier hours, and by the friendly few, he showed himself a kind and considerate friend, ever careful of the feelings of others. I need not here enter into the particulars of the sad event, which has cast so deep a gloom over Kendall Green, and over a stricken home far away in South Carolina, where a widowed mother had been joyfully counting the months as they rolled by for these two weary years, when she could look upon her pet son, and fold to her bosom the one whom she loved above all her other children. Alas! how have these fond expectations been realized and in what a form! I have left the sorrowful task of describing Mr. Dargan's death to one who knew him more intimately and feels his loss the most deeply.

The examinations came off on the 14th, and again on the 17th and 18th of June. Compared with former years, they were very creditable, indeed, while the standard has been much raised. The averages were generally very high. In some instances marks of 10 and 9.99 were obtained in the most difficult studies. In the collegiate department itself there was only one failure, and that of such a character as will soon be remedied. The senior graduates have fairly earned their degrees—all of Bachelor of Arts—and left their places to be supplied by the class of '79, which consists of Charles M. Price, of Ohio, Jerome T. Elwell, of Philadelphia, and James J. Murphy, of Wisconsin. The graduating class has adopted as their motto, the French phrase, "Quo saisis je?" It is by no means a flouting challenge thrown in the face of the world, but rather an intimation that the members of the class have learned all this college teaches, and that may be little enough.

Just before the "days of reckoning" came, a certain Prep, who hates mathematics, burnt up his arithmetic, but, notwithstanding the fearful predictions of many, he passed the examination in that study in safety. The prize for the one passing the best examination for admission to the freshman class, last year, after an unusually long delay, was awarded to Frank H. Schory, of Ohio. It ever hard study and patience deserved to be rewarded, Mr. Schory was certainly well repaid. He deserves the greater credit for being a congenital

deaf-mute. There are several semi-mutes, of no ordinary talent, in his class, but perseverance won the prize from the grasp of indolent intelligence. This case furnishes an excellent illustration of the well-worn maxim, "Where there is a will, there is a way."

"Birds of a feather flock together," and Gray, '78, with Goodman, '80, has gone to pay Logan, '69, and Teegarden, '75, a visit at Turtle Creek, Pa. All four of these have been winners of the Freshman prize.

The recent examination papers were printed from the newly-bought electric press pen.

President Gallaudet's mansion has been connected with his office by a telephone. Each story of the new building is supplied with a fire extinguisher, but in case of fire they might as well be a thousand miles away, for none of the students know how to handle these things. One Prep, in too ardent a pursuit of knowledge, emptied the contents of one of them on the floor, and had to pay one dollar for the knowledge thus obtained.

On Friday evening the students attended a reception at the residence of President and Mrs. Gallaudet. It was well enjoyed, I believe.

Before closing this letter, I should like to ask what the western students now think of the chances for the championship between the Bostonians and Cincinnatians. Four to 2, and 5 to 0. How is that for high? Which was the first to whitewash the other?

June 29, 1878.

STUDENT AT HOME.

## DEAF-MUTE EDUCATION.

BY F. J. C.

(Philadelphia, Pa., Journal, June 29, 1878.)

Deaf-mute education in the United States has progressed as rapidly as any of our institutions. The French method of instruction introduced in 1816, by the late Laurent Clerc, himself a deaf-mute and the associate of Thomas H. Gallaudet of Hartford, Conn., has, until recently, been the basis of the American school instruction. Articulation and visible speech, or lip reading and speaking by vocal organs, are making progress in all our schools, for the benefit of a class of pupils who have once heard and still retain some speech or have special aptitude for learning to speak. Meantime the results of sign instruction have been most gratifying, in the case of all who have been pupils in any of the State institutions. Suitable provision is there made by nearly every commonwealth in the Union. Pennsylvania has two such schools, one in Philadelphia and one in Pittsburgh. Nevertheless, a large number of deaf children are still allowed, by careless or negligent parents, to grow up in ignorance and comparative idleness. State aid may be made the basis of instruction for all our children, but it should, by no means, limit their opportunities. Industrial, or technical, or high grade schools for all classes should receive private and local additional aid. Thus it has been in part with the schools for the deaf and dumb. Special appropriations and philanthropic donations have enabled zealous and able instructors to extend to that specially needy class of our population the advantages of the common school, an industrial, a practical and even a collegiate course of study. There are more than fifty schools in the United States including the National Deaf-mute College, in Washington, D. C., and all together they number more than 5,000 pupils. Probably there are many more who should be under instruction.

After leaving school, these pupils usually fill positions of useful service as mechanics, in home duties, as teachers of others, in printing-offices and as engravers; while some have entered the civil service of the Government. Two have been ordained to the ministry; a number are readers or teachers in sacred learning on Sundays; and in almost all our cities religious services are maintained for the exclusive benefit of the deaf and dumb. The Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, rector of St. Ann's Church, New York city, and Mr. Edward Gallaudet, President of the College in Washington, have done very much to supplement the work of all schools by furnishing to those who have taken their courses of study higher and uninterrupted educational and religious privileges. There are probably more than 26,500 deaf-mutes in the country, and among them are circulated a number of weekly and other newspapers.

## MALARIAL FEVER.

MALARIAL FEVERS, constipation, torpidity of the liver and kidneys,

